

Bul. I pardon him, as heauen shall pardon mee.

Dut. O happy vantage of a kneeling knee :
Yet am I sicke for feare : Speake it againe,
Twice saying Pardon, doth not pardon twaine,
But makes one pardon strong.

Bul. I pardon him with all my hart.

Dut. A God on earth thou art.

Bul. But for our trusty brother-in-Law, the Abbot,
With all the rest of that comforted crew,
Destruction straight shall dogge them at the heeles :
Good Vnckle helpe to order feuerall powres
To Oxford, or where ere these Traitors are :
They shall not liue within this world I sweare,
But I will haue them, if I once know where.
Vnckle farewell, and Cosin adieu.

Your mother well hath praid, and proue you true.

Dut. Come my old son, I pray heauen make thee new.

Exeunt.

Enter Exton and Seruants.

Ext. Didst thou not marke the King what words hee
spake ?

Haue I no friend will rid me of this liuing feare :
Was it not so ?

Ser. Those were his very words.

Ex. Haue I no Friend ? (quoth he) he spake it twice,
And vrg'd it twice together, did he not ?

Ser. He did.

Ex. And speaking it, he wistly look'd on me,
As who should say, I would thou wert the man
That would diuorce this terror from my heart,
Meaning the King at Pomfret : Come, let's goe ;
I am the Kings Friend, and will rid his Foe.

Exit.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Richard.

Rich. I haue bin studying, how to compare
This Prison where I liue, vnto the World :
And for because the world is populous,
And heere is not a Creature, but my selfe,
I cannot do it : yet Ile hammer't out.
My Braine, Ile proue the Female to my Soule,
My Soule, the Father : and these two beget
A generation of still breeding Thoughts ;
And these same Thoughts, people this Little World
In humors, like the people of this world,
For no thought is contented. The better sort,
As thoughts of things Diuine, are intermixt
With scruples, and do see the Faith it selfe
Against the Faith : as thus : Come little ones : & then again,
It is as hard to come, as for a Camell
To chred the postern of a Needles eye.
Thoughts tending to Ambition, they do plot
Vnlikely wonders ; how these vaine weake nailes
May teare a passage through the Flinty ribbes
Of this hard world, my ragged prison walles :
And for they cannot, dye in their owne pride.
Thoughts tending to Content, flatter themselves,
That they are not the first of Fortunes slaues,
Nor shall not be the last. Like silly Beggars,
Who sitting in the Stockes, refuge their shame
That many haue, and others must sit there ;
And in this Thought, they finde a kind of ease,

Bearing their owne misfortune on the backe
Of such as haue before indur'd the like.
Thus play I in one Prison, many people,
And none contented. Sometimes am I King ;
Then Treason makes me with my selfe a Beggar,
And so I am. Then crushing penurie,
Perswades me, I was better when a King :
Then am I king'd againe : and by and by,
Thinke that I am vn-king'd by *Bullingbrooke*,
And straight am nothing. But what ere I am,
Nor I, nor any man, that but man is,
With nothing shall be pleas'd, till he be eas'd
With being nothing. Musicke do I heare ?
Ha, ha? keepe time : How sowre sweet Musicke is,
When Time is broke, and no Proportion kept ?
So is it in the Musicke of mens liues :

And heere haue I the daintinesse of feare,
To heare time broke in a disorder'd string :
But for the Concord of my State and Time,
Had not an eare to heare my true Time broke,
I wasted Time, and now doth Time waste me ;
For now hath Time made me his numbring clocke ;
My Thoughts, are minutes ; and with Sighes they iare,
Their watches on vnto mine eyes, the outward Watch,
Whereto my finger, like a Dials point,
Is pointing still, in cleansing them from teares.
Now sir, the sound that tels what houre it is,
Are clamorous groanes, that strike vpon my heart,
Which is the bell : so Sighes, and Teares, and Groanes,
Shew Minutes, Houres, and Times : but my Time
Runs poasting on, in *Bullingbrookes* proud ioy,
While I stand fooling heere, his iacke o'th' Clocke.
This Musicke mads me, let it sound no more,
For though it haue holpe madmen to their wits,
In me it seemes, it will make wise-men mad :
Yet blessing on his heart that giues it me ;
For 'tis a signe of loue, and loue to *Richard*,
Is a strange Brooch, in this all-hating world.

Enter Groome.

Groo. Haile Royall Prince.

Rich. Thankes Noble Peere,
The cheapest of vs, is ten groates too deere.
What art thou ? And how com'st thou hither ?
Where no man euer comes, but that sad dogge
That brings me food, to make misfortune liue ?

Groo. I was a poore Groome of thy Stable (King)
When thou wert King : who traouelling towards Yorke,
With much ado, at length haue gotten leaue
To looke vpon my (sometimes Royall) masters face.
O how it yern'd my heart, when I beheld
In London streets, that Coronation day,
When *Bullingbrooke* rode on Roane Barbary,
That horse, that thou so often hast befri'd,
That horse, that I so carefully haue drest.

Rich. Rode he on Barbary ? Tell me gentle Friend,
How went he vnder him ?

Groo. So proudly, as if he had disdain'd the ground.
Rich. So proud, that *Bullingbrooke* was on his backe ;
That Iade hath eate bread from my Royall hand.
This hand hath made him proud with clapping him.
Would he not stumble ? Would he not fall downe
(Since Pride must haue a fall) and breake the necke
Of that proud man, that did vsurpe his backe ?
Forgiuenesse horse : Why do I raile on thee,
Since thou created to be aw'd by man
Was't borne to beare ? I was not made a horse,

And

And yet I beare a burthen like an Asse,
Spur-gall'd, and tyed by launcing *Bullingbrooke*.

Enter Keeper with a Disme.
Keep. Fellow, giue place, heere is no longer stay.

Rich. If thou loue me, tis time thou wert away.

Groo. What my tongue dares not, that my heart shall

Exit.

lay. My Lord, will please you to fall too ?

Rich. Tis time of it, as thou wert wont to doo.

Keep. My Lord I dare not : Sir Pierce of Exton,

Who lately came from the King, commands the contrary.

Rich. The diuell take *Henrie* of Lancaster, and thee.

Patience is stale, and I am weary of it.

Keep. Helpe, helpe, helpe.

Enter Exton and Seruants.

Ex. How now ? what meanes Death in this rude assault ?
Villaine, thine owne hand yeelds thy deaths instrument.

Go thou and fill another roome in hell.

Exton strikes him downe.

That hand shall burne in neuer-quenching fire,
That staggards thus my person. *Exton*, thy fierce hand,
Hath with the Kings blood, stain'd the Kings own land.

Mount, mount my soule, thy leate is vp on high,
While my grosse flesh sakes downward heere to dye.

Exton. As full of Valor, as of Royall blood,
Both haue I spilt : Oh would the deed were good.

For now the duell, that told me I did well,
Says, that this deede is chronicled in hell.

This dead King to the liuing King Ile beare,
Take hence the rest, and giue them buriall heere.

Exit.

Scena Quinta.

Flourish. *Enter Bullingbrooke, Yorke, with
other Lords & attendants.*

Bul. Kinde Vnckle Yorke, the latest newes we heare,
Is that the Rebels haue confum'd with fire
Our Towne of Ciceter in Gloucestershire,
But whe ther they be tane or slaine, we heare not.

Enter Northumberland.
Welcome my Lord : What is the newes ?

Nor. First to thy Sacred State, wish I all happinesse :
The next newes is, I haue to London sent
The heads of *Salsbury*, *Spencer*, *Blunt*, and *Kent* :

FINIS.